

A Service of Worship & Praise to  
Celebrate the Life of



**James “Jim” Stuart  
Fargey**

August 15, 1924 – January 10, 2017

Doyle's Funeral Chapel  
January 16, 2017

**We Gather to Worship**

Prelude Music

Words of Welcome

"Comfort, O comfort my people, says your God."

(Isaiah 40:1)

Opening Prayer

**Voices United # 703**

**In the Bulb There is a Flower**

In the bulb there is a flower;  
in the seed, an apple tree;  
in cocoons, a hidden promise:  
butterflies will soon be free!  
In the cold and snow of winter  
there's a spring that waits to be,  
unrevealed until its season,  
something God alone can see.

There's a song in every silence,  
seeking word and melody;  
there's a dawn in every darkness,  
bringing hope to you and me.  
From the past will come the future;  
what it holds, a mystery,  
unrevealed until its season,  
something God alone can see.

In our end is our beginning;  
in our time, infinity;  
in our doubt there is believing;  
in our life, eternity.  
In our death, a resurrection;  
at the last, a victory,  
unrevealed until its season,  
something God alone can see.

Words of Remembrance

Lisa Eyamie  
Julie Davidson

**We Hear God's Word**

Scripture Readings

Isaiah 40: 21 – 31

John 1: 1 - 16

Faith Reflections

**We Respond**

Prayers of the People

The Lord's Prayer

Hymn

Amazing Grace

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Legion Act of Remembrance

Blessing and Sending Forth

Postlude Music

Minister: Karen Tjaden  
Pianist: Mrs. Rose Ediger

Following the celebration of Jim's life, the congregation is invited to join the family for a time of refreshments and visiting at the Legion Auxiliary Hall.

We shall not cease from exploration  
And the end of all our exploring  
Will be to arrive where we started  
And know the place for the first time.  
Through the unknown, remembered gate  
When the last of earth left to discover  
Is that which was the beginning;  
At the source of the longest river  
The voice of the hidden waterfall  
And the children in the apple-tree  
Not known, because not looked for  
But heard, half heard, in the stillness  
Between two waves of the sea.

*T.S. Eliot*

*Four Quartets*